

Part3 Blind Crazy Insyphiliptic Fun: Come to Terms

by Wil

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Summary: What do you do when you're waiting to see if you'll die?
Ask the Scooby Gang!

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> <meta name="Author"> part1 **Blind Crazy Insyphiliptic Fun Saga**
Part 3
>by Wil & Nina

Come to Terms

"You are going to be scattered into so much dust, they're going to need a dust buster to pick you up!" Buffy snarled, grasping Spike by the throat and slamming him into a wall.

> <p>

"He was going to have to find out sometime. What, you weren't going to be honest with him?" Spike choked out with a cocky grin.

> <p>

"I wanted to be the one to tell him. It wasn't your place to say!"

> <p>

"Buffy, if I may be so bold—" Wesley began, stepping forward.

> <p>

"Oh please do be so bold. It's a nice change, mate."

> <p>

Buffy's grip tightened on Spike's throat. "Spill it Wesley."

> <p>

"Spike does have a point."

> <p>

Sighing she released the vampire and leaned heavily against the wall herself, knowing Wesley was right. She just wanted to blame and--not to mention kill--Spike.

> <p>

Riley stood still and looked quite confused. He looked at Angel then Buffy. It was too much to handle. It was much like the situation when he'd first learned of Buffy being the Slayer... so he responded in the same way.

> <p>

"What are you?"

> <p>

"My dad, so to speak," Spike responded, massaging his throat. "He made me."

> <p>

"I wasn't asking you," Riley said, then turned to address Angel, "so you're a vampire."

> <p>

Angel nodded, "Yes."

> <p>

Riley nodded then turned to Buffy who looked more than a little upset. He swallowed and looked up at Angel then the others, "Could you excuse us for a while? I think there's some things that Buffy and I need to talk about."

> <p>

>"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think you'd understand," Buffy answered looking at her reflection in the window, her arms wrapped around herself. "You don't see him the way I do. He's just another demon to you."

> <p>

"Isn't he?" Riley said.

> <p>

"No, he's not. He has a soul. He *is* human inside..." Buffy shook her head. "See, you don't understand."

> <p>

Riley stood behind her and placed his hands on her small shoulders, his voice softening, "Well then help me to understand."

> <p>

>Angel slid a mug full of blood to Spike and sat at the table with Cordelia and Wesley. He didn't say anything, and neither did anyone else. Spike kept leering at him with a self-satisfied grin on his lips. Wesley looked as if he wanted desperately to say something and finally gained the courage to ask, but Cordelia beat him to it.

"So... you're good now?"

> <p>

Spike looked up, "You're not bloody serious are you?"
> <p>

"But you are helping the Slayer..." Wesley managed to put in.
> <p>

"Not by choice. If it were up to me, she'd be six feet under and I'd be dancing my way on her grave. As a matter of fact, I tried to stake myself, I can't take it anymore. If it weren't for the witch, I'd be happy as a lark in Hell. But, no, they always insist that I have to help. 'Giles is demon, Spike can understand Fiorrall, help us. Find the rogue Slayer, and by the way, Spike, don't send her after us to kill her.' Wish they'd just leave me the bloody hell alone."

> <p>

Cordelia nodded, rising to place her cup in the sink, "It's like you're stuck doing the grunt work."

> <p>

"Yeah," Spike agreed. "And do I get any thanks for it? No."

> <p>

"Under appreciated for what you *do* bring into the fight," Wesley added.

> <p>

"I like to think I add an edge..." Spike trailed off and all of them noticed Angel looking at them silently.

> <p>

"Should I be taking notes?" the brooding vampire asked. "Because it's not that I don't appreciate the work you do here."

> <p>

"Oh we don't mean you," Cordelia remedied. "We meant little miss Chosen One."

> <p>

"No, I meant Angel too," Spike said.

> <p>

>Xander, Anya, Tara, and Willow settled in front of Giles' small televison. Giles set a bowl of potato chips down on the coffee table, and took his seat in the chair beside the couch. Their eyes were glued to the screen as they intently watched the news cast.

"The University of California in Sunnydale has cancelled all remaining classes for this week, due to a tragic epidemic. A new breed of Syphilis has been spreading like wildfire through the student population. All students who have had sexual contact with anyone within the last year, are urged to get tested immediately. This is a serious disease with fatal complications if left untreated. This is Sylvia Maria Guadalupe Esparanza for channel 6 news."

> <p>

Willow reached over and turned the television off, "This is horrible. How did this all start?"

> <p>

"I wish I knew. We have yet to hear from Buffy. Perhaps her visit to Angel will shed some light on the subject."

> <p>

"I so don't want to die of this disease," Xander rambled over his chip crunching. "I can't believe I might have it. Again!"

> <p>

"It's pretty bad," Anya agreed. "Any word from the doctor on our test results yet?"

> <p>

Giles shook his head and pulled a small jar from a crafted wooden trunk. "Until then, I suggest we take this."

> <p>

"What is it?" Willow asked curiously.

> <p>

"Arsenic."

> <p>

"Poison?" Tara gasped.

> <p>

"Not in low doses. It's actually used to fend off the effects of the disease," Anya explained, "but isn't it usually injected into the spinal fluid?"

> <p>

"In known cases, yes; however, that is a painful process, and if you mix it in with a drink or your food, a low dose may do us some precautionary good."

> <p>

"And after a few days our bodies won't decay as fast," Anya said. When the others just stared at her she shrugged. "What? I was trying to look on the bright side of things. Isn't that what humans do in a crisis?"

> <p>

"Yeah, but not in such morbid ways," Xander answered, slipping an arm around her shoulder, "Nice try, though. So, what do we do now?"

> <p>

"I guess," Tara whispered, "the best we can do is just... wait."

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> <p>

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file.